

BEST
WEST
NO. 5



THE 5th BIG ISSUE OF-

10¢

BEST of the WEST



Do You Want a **SUCCESS-WINNING VOICE?**

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—Eugene Feuchtinger

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My age is _____

STRAIGHT ARROW

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN SETTLERS
SHUDDERED AT THE SIGHT OF THE FULL
MOON. "COMANCHE MOON," THEY CALLED
IT... FOR ON THOSE NIGHTS, THE COMANCHE
CAME GALLOPING WITH WAR IN THEIR
HEARTS AND WAR-ARROWS IN THEIR HANDS...
BUT NOW THE COMANCHE HAVE SIGNED
A TREATY WITH THE WHITE MAN, AND
LIFE IS HONORABLE PEACE...

ONE MAN — THUNDER CLOUD — WANTS
TO REVIVE THE BLOODY TRADITION
OF THE COMANCHE MOON. AND
THUNDER CLOUD IS A POWER TO
BE RECKONED WITH — FOR HE
HAS PROOF THAT HE IS —

**"THE MAN
WHO KILLED
STRAIGHT
ARROW!"**

Grand Magazine



THE FULL MOON SHINES IN THE
WESTERN SKY. ON THE RANCHES,
YOUNG FOLKS WALK HAND-IN-
HAND... ON THE PRAIRIE, A LONE
COMANCHE "TALL" WITH HATRED
GALLOPS FURIOUSLY.



...TILL HE REACHES
THE OUTERMOST
SANDCH IN THE
TERRITORY!





THE CHIEF NODS CURTLY
AND THUNDER CLOUD'S
THOUGHTS ARE
LOOSEBARD—

ARE WE FARRAHE TO BE
CHASSED FROM THE LAND
THAT IS RIGHTFULLY OURS?
ARE WE SHARP TO BE
PENNED INSIDE BARE
PASTURES? I TELL YOU—
AND? WE ARE COMANCHE!
AND WHEN THE MOON
RISES IN
ITS FULLNESS...

IT IS OUR SACRED DUTY
TO RIDE NORTH AS OUR
FATHERS RODE—UNDER THE
COMANCHE MOON—TO SLAY
OUR ENEMIES!



THUNDER
CLOUD IS
RIGHT!

TWO LONG
HOURS WE
LIVED LIKE
RABBITS!

THE
COMANCHE
MOON!
THE
COMANCHE
MOON!



SILENCE! WE ARE NOT
COWTIES TO HOWL NEED-
LESSLY WHEN ONLY CALM
AND COOL WORDS CAN
LEAD US TO
WISDOM!
SILENCE—
I SAY!

CHIEF, MAY I
ADDRESS
THE COUNCIL?



THE WHITE MAN IS HERE TO
STAY...AND TO LIVE IN PEACE
WITH HIM IS THE PATH OF
WISDOM. WE HAVE GIVEN
THE MAPLE, GIVING OUR WORD
LET IT NOT BE SAID THAT
COMANCHE
ARE WITHOUT
HONOR

LET THERE
BE A
VOTE!



AFTER
THE
VOTE—

THE COUNT WAS CLOSE, BUT THE
COUNCIL HAS DECIDED THE COMANCHE
MOON SHALL NOT STAND FOR BLOOD-
LETTING BUT FOR PEACE AND
HONOR... THUNDER CLOUD
SHALL BE EXILED, AND
SUCH WILL BE THE FATE OF
ANY COMANCHE WHO
TRANSGRESSES AS
HE DID!

THE DEERHORN
WAS A WISE ONE
GREAT CHIEF

I GO NOW—BUT I
SWEAR BY THE SPIRITS
OF ALL MY FOSTER-
FATHERS, THE COMANCHE
MOON WILL BE RED WITH
BLOOD ONCE MORE, AND
STRAIGHT ARROW SHALL
DIE!



WEEKS LATER... AND STRAIGHT
ARROW, HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS,
PURSUES A LION THAT HAS BEEN
FEEDING ON THE COMMANCHE
HERDS. WHAT HE DOES NOT
KNOW—IS THAT SOMEONE IS
PURSUING HIM!

HE HAS EYES
AND EARS ONLY
FOR THE LION
HE IS TRACKING!
SOON NOW
STRAIGHT ARROW
SHALL DIE!

THE
TRAIL
IS
FRESH!

SUPREMACY...

THE HIND SHOT—
AND HE SCOUTED
ME! I MUST
SHOOT FIRST!

HA! THE LION
IS DOING MY
WORK FOR
ME...

THE ARROW STRUCK
HARD—BUT HE
KEEPS CHARGING!

HE COMES TOO FAST—
I MUST STAND AND FIGHT!
—BUT I CAN'T KEEP THIS
UP MUCH LONGER—
THAT LION—IT'S
MY ONLY CHANCE!

CALLING ON HIS
LAST DUNCE OF
STRENGTH
STRAIGHT ARROW
FORCES THE LION
OVER THE
EDGE—

THAT'S
NOW TO
BEAR
DOWN AS
HARD AS I
CAN!

AND THE LION'S SPINE
SNAPS!

HOW TO— THAT
SHADOW!— SOMEONE
IS BEHIND
ME!

HE'S DEAD!







TIM HOLT

FRED WINKLER CAME TO THE WEST TO RECORD THE BEAUTY OF ITS PEOPLE AND THE REALITY OF ITS RUGGED MOUNTAINS AND CANYONS. BUT HIS CAMERA DISCOVERED THAT RUSTLERS WERE RAIDING IN THE RUSSIAN COUNTRY—AND DEPUTY SHERIFF TIM HOLT AND HIS FLAMING SINGING WERE DRAGGED INTO THE GUNNY STRUGGLE OF —

CRIME ON FILM!



BY TWOS AND THREES THEY COME TO SIT FOR THEIR PORTRAITS AND SPILL THEIR GOLD AND GREENBACKS INTO FRED WINKLER'S FINGERS.



FRED WINKLER IS A HAPPY MAN BUT HIS ARTISTIC SIDE WANTS MORE THAN MONEY.

FOLKS AROUND THESE PARTS HAVE BEEN PLUMB GOOD TO ME BUT BY CICKETY I WANT TO TAKE PICTURES OF MORE THAN FACES! I WANT TO SNAP CANYONS, POWERS MOUNTAINS!



YES, BY CICKETY! I'LL PUT THOSE CANYONS AND THE SNOW-TOPPED MOUNTAINS ON FILM! PERHAPS SOME DAY THEY MAY BE ON DISPLAY IN SOME MUSEUM — WHO KNOWS?



AND SO FRED WINKLER SETS UP HIS TRIPOD AND CAMERA. HE EXPOSES PLATE AFTER PLATE TO THE REDDISH SUNLIGHT.



FOR THREE WEEKS HE SNAPS HIS PICTURES. AND THEN ONE AFTER NOON —

BY CICKETY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

LET'S GET TO WORK ON HIM JEE!



STAND UP AND TURN HIM AROUND! I HAVN'T NEVER WHIPPED A MAN IN A LONG TIME. I WANT TO SEE IF I'VE FORGOTTEN HOW!





I DON'T KNOW WHY I WAS JUST TAKING PICTURES OF THE LANDSCAPE WHEN I GET BACK TO THE STUDIO I'LL SEE IF ANY OF MY PLATES ARE UNBROKEN



LATER, IN TOWN—

THIS IS THE ONLY ONE THEY DIDN'T SWASH! DO YOU SEE ANYTHING ON IT THAT MIGHT MAKE THEM ATTACK ME?



NO! IT'S JUST A PICTURE OF NEEDLE BUFFE! ONLY THING THAT STRIKES ME IS THAT BIG ROCK THERE I DON'T RECALL ANY ROCK LIKE THAT! ARROUND NEEDLE BUFFE!

BUT THAT NIGHT A RUDELY BEATED PHOTOGRAPHER CROWD IN THE TWO THE TIE-UP IN LIVING ROOM

BE CRACKED WOLF— HAD TO SEE YOU! I ENLARGED THAT PICTURE I SHOWED YOU TODAY. WHAT WE THOUGHT WAS A BIG ROCK— IS A



CLOUD OF PISTOLS! MAKE A HERD OF CATTLE! THAT CLOUD! DON'T LET'S CATTLE! WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND THE BUTLERS WHO HAVE BEEN PREYING ON OUR HORSE ARROUND BULLIT. HAVE YOUR CAMPS ROUND THEM FOR US!

NEXT DAY, TWO AND CHITO RIDE OUT TO NEEDLE BUFFE...



LOOK! CATCH A NARROW OPENING INTO A BIG CANYON. I'LL BET THAT'S WHERE THESE BUTLERS ARE HIDE OUR CATTLE. NEVER THOUGHT OF LOOKING OVER THE MOUNTAIN!

SUDDENLY A PAIR OF RIFLES OPEN FIRE FROM ABOVE.

LOOKOUTS POSTED ABOVE! AND THERE'S BEEN US!

AN O.K. THEY SHOOTING AT US, TOO!



THREE OF 'EM COMING OUT AFTER US! WE'LL SPLIT UP! I'LL LEAD THEM AFTER ME! YOU MIGHTAL IT TO THE RANCH FOR THE BOYS





AN HOUR LATER, ALONG THE TRAIL TO NEEDLE BLUFFS...

AY DE MY! DID RAIN GETTING YOU THAT WET?

NO! I TELL YOU THE RAPIDS, BUT NEVER MIND THAT. LET'S GO TO NEEDLE BLUFFS!



RAMMING OUT THE T-BARNS HANDS BACK TOWARD THE OUTLAW'S CABIN...



LUKE TRENT AND JIM FANON COVER THE WINDOW WITH RIFLE FIRE, WHILE COOKIE HORN A COLT REVOLVER

BY GOLLIES! THEY'RE STOPPING LIKE FLIES!

WE'LL MAKE SURE THEY'RE STOPPING AROUND HERE!



BUT ONE MAN—HIDDEN IN THE TORRENTIAL RAIN—SLIPS FROM THE CABIN...

HOLT FOUND US CAUSE THAT PHOTOGRAPHER TOOK PICTURES OF US DRIVING OUR CATTLE INTO THIS CANYON. HOLT GOT MY GARD—BUT I'M GONNA GO TO GET THAT PHOTOGRAPHER.



AT THE GALLON TILL LEADS HIS BRANCH HANDS INTO THE MARRON OPENING OF THE BOX CANYON WHERE THE OUTLAW'S HIDE OUT.

I GOT THEIR LOOKOUT! THE OTHERS WILL BE INSIDE THEIR CABIN DRAWING OUT OF THIS DOWNROCK!



THE FIGHTING IS SHORT AND BITTER, COOKIE HORN'S T-BARN HORSE BEING COVERED BY THE RAIN.



AN HOUR AFTERWARD, IN THE TOWN OF BULLET...

THAT RAIN WASHED OUT HIS HORSE'S TRACKS. HOLT WON'T KNOW WHERE I'VE COME UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE THAT PHOTOGRAPHER. I'M GOING IN AND GET HIM!



FOR LONG MINUTES, THE OUTLAW KILLER STUNTS MOTIONLESS IN THE DARK STUDIO. THEN, AS A BOLT OF JAGGED LIGHTNING BRIGHTENS THE ROOM...



LIFT YOUR TRY AND SOLVE THAT MURDER! I'LL HIT OUT TO THE RANCH—AND ANYBODY EVER PROVE A THING AGAINST ME!



IT IS SOME HOURS LATER WHEN TIM DROPS IN TO SEE HIS FRIEND—

HE POINTED TO HIS CAMERA—THEN PAINTED HIS LOST A LOT OF BLOOD, HE MIGHT GO INTO A COMA AND NOT BE ABLE TO TELL ME WHO SHOT HIM!



TIM LIFTS THE BLACK CLOTH BEHIND THE CAMERA, LIFTING OUT THE SQUARE PLATE...



LATER, AT A LITTLE STABBOOCH STATION ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIFSAWEL...



YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU GOT NO PROOF!

LOOK AT THAT! IT WAS TOO DARK FOR WINKLER TO RECOGNIZE YOU EVEN WHEN THAT LIGHTNING STRUCK! BUT IT WASN'T TOO DARK FOR THE CAMERA TO SEE YOU AND CATCH YOU IN THE ACT ON FILM!



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THE GHOST RIDER

IT STARTED
SIMPLY WITH
ALL THE PRISONERS
IN BARRY'S CAGE
CAME AWAKE
FROM THE
OLD SQUAD.
BUT IT ENDED IN
A BLOODY
BATTLE WITH
THE GHOST
RIDER TRAPPED
BEHIND BARRS AS
THE FLAMES
WROTE HIMSELF
AND HIS IN-

The
Fiery
PRISON!



THE WESTERN SUN STARES UNBLINKINGLY
DOWN AT SOME RUSTLERS AT WORK...



GIT ALONG,
THAT — GIT
ALONG!

LOOKS LIKE WE GOT
THIR TERRITORY
UNDER OUR THUMB —
AIN'T NOBODY WIL
STOP US!

THIS SHORT-CUT WORKED OUT FINE —
NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TIE MY LARIAT
TO THE TREE, SWING DOWN — AND
THOSE RUSTLERS WILL HAVE THE
SURPRISE OF THEIR LIVES...





A SECOND LATER—AND THE FEDERAL MARSHAL
IS LOST TO SIGHT AS THE MADDENED STEERS
RUSH THUNDEROUSLY BY—



BUT —



WATER, IN SHADY GULCH —



THE FLEELED MARSHAL IS ABOUT TO FORCE A SHOWDOWN —



CLIPPING LEATHERS WITH LIGHTNING SPEED —



BUT THEN —



IT WASN'T ONLY SAM AND THE OLD BARBER — FIFTY/FOF HERE BEING TO HAVE TURNED AGAINST ME / MAYBE I'D DONE A LOT OF WORK AROUND SHADY BULCH — IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT POLICE COULD FORGET SO EASILY...

"NOT MORE THAN THREE YEARS BACK, I CLEANED UP THE BANG THAT WAS PREVAILING ON THE SHADY BULCH STAIR."



"AND THEN, JUST ABOUT MONTHS BACK, THERE WERE THE WATER POISONERS..."

"AND THERE WAS THE TIME I SAVED THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE WHEN THE SCAR HAD KIDNAPPED HIM..."



"SHERRI JAWSON! I'LL SPEAK TO HIM!"

"SAM! WHERE'S THE SHEPHERD?"

"I DON'T KNOW, RURY, AND I DON'T KNOW ME ANY MORE. GOSHAWK, I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH HIM!"



So-

"I'M PULLING OUT, POLICE — NOISE HANGING AROUND WHERE I DON'T WANT!"



"HE'S GONE! BUT CAN YOU HELP US NOW?"

"IF ONLY WE COULD WE SHALLED HIM TO SHOW THAT WE DON'T JESSE! WHAT WE WERE DOING..."







THE GHOST RIDER'S SHOTS ARE FAST AND DEADLY... BUT THREE AGAINST ONE ARE AWESOME ODDS — AND THE OILHOOTS KEEP CHARGING...!



NO AGAINST ONE NOW AND THEY KEEP CHARGING!



NO BULLETS LEFT — BUT THE BUTT OF MY GUN WILL LEAVE ITS MARK!

GET CLEAR OF HIM! — SO I CAN SHOOT!



AT THAT MOMENT —

AT LAST — THE PEOPLE OF SHADY GULCH HAVE COME AND TAKEN OVER AGAIN!



NEVER THOUGHT WE'D GET OUT FROM UNDER A LOCKED DOOR — BUT YOU GOT HELP, WE DID!

JUSTICE IS DONE, SHERIFF AND I MUST RETURN TO THE GRAVE —



— LUCKY THE PRISONERS HAD BEEN FLIPPING A BREAK AND HAD THAT TUNNEL UNDER THE JAIL COMPLETED. A QUICK EXIT AND A SMOKE BOMB WHEN IT APPEARED BEHIND THE OILHOOTS — AND THE END OF THEIR TYRANNY WAS AT HAND!



The DURANGO KID

FIRST - THE DREADED DROUGHT! THEN - A TERRIBLE DISEASE! AND FINALLY - GUN-SUCKER BULLETS CAME TO SHATTER THE DREAMS OF A MAN AND HIS WOMAN. THERE WAS JUST NO END TO

"THE TROUBLE IN GUN-JUICE VALLEY!"

SAVE HIM, DURANGO! I DON'T CARE WHAT HE'S DONE - I LOVE HIM - SAVE HIM!



SINCE THE US GOVERNMENT HAS SENT STEVE BRAND AND HILLY FREE TO INVESTIGATE THE DISORDER IN GUN-JUICE VALLEY...

OH - GOSH, STEVE - FOUR DAYS ON THIS MOUNTAIN WITH JUST YOU AN THOU BIRDS - NOW WE GON' TUN FIND OUT ANYTHING FROM HYAR?

I'M TRYING TO SIZ UP THE SITUATION FIRST, HILLY



AFTER ALL, IT'S YOU WHO'S ALWAYS COMPLAINING THAT I PRODUCE IN OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS TOO MUCH - WE'VE LEARNED A LOT ABOUT GUN-JUICE VALLEY FROM UP HERE - PARTNER

WE SHORR HAVE 'EM - LOOKIE - HYAR, COME YOUNG SHERIFF DEERY INQUIRE...



HE'S A-RIDIN' TUN SEE HIS SHEETHEART, HEDDY SHAW, BUT HE AIN'T SLEEPI' TODAY STEVE!

I GUESS THE DROUGHT'S GOT HIM TROUBLED - THE DOLLERS ARE GON' DEEFER INTO DEBT TO BIG JACK, THE TOWN BANNER, THAT HORSE'S GETTIN' ENTIRELY TOO MUCH POWER!



HEY! SHUT
YORE GLASS'ES UP
TUH THET DRAM!
THAT'S BIG JACK
NOW!

I DID HIM. THAT'S
MIGHTY STRANGE WORK FOR
A RICH BANNER TO BE DOING
WHAT'S HIS GAME, I
WONDER?

MYAR COME'S HELDUD
SHANE AN HER KID
BROTHER HARRY- AN
THEY BOTH LOOK
HAD!

SURESS. THEY'RE
WONDERING WHAT BIG
JACK'S UP TO. YOD! LET'S
SEE WHAT HAPPENS.



THIS IS STILL OUR
PROPERTY, BIG JACK- AND
YOU'RE TRESPASSING!
GET OFF!

WHUT THE
YOUR PROPERTY?
HAW-HAW!

YOU HEARD MY SISTER HONDER?
YOU DONT OWN THIS RANCH YET!
WE'LL CLEAR THAT MORTGAGE AS
SOON AS WE SELL SOME CATTLE!
**NOW GET OFF OR I'LL
BLAST YOU OFF!**

OH HARRY-
NOT WITH
SOME!
YOU'RE SO
NOT-HEADED!



BETTER WAIT
TILL YUH GROW UP
AFORN YUH START
GRABBIN' IRON
KID!

GOOD WORK, BURN! ONCE
I GET MY SUN OUT, THAT KID
JUST WONT DO ANY MORE
GROWING UP!

HARRY!
HARRY!
(308")

I'VE GOT
TO GET
DOWN THERE
AND HELP!

WAIT A MINUTE! WAIT A
MINUTE! YUH'RE ALWAYS
STICKIN' YORE FOOT IN!
MYAR COME'S THER SHERRIF-
AN THET H'OLDS'S ONE
HOMBRE WHUT EN HANDLE
HIS OWN BIZNESS!





YOU CAN'T DO THAT IF YOU SELL DISEASED BEEF OUT OF THIS VALLEY IT'LL SPREAD TO EVERY HORN IN THE COUNTRY I'M ORDERING A QUARANTINE UNTIL THIS IS CLEARED QUARANTINE UP!



YOU CAN'T DO THAT, SHERIFF. IT'LL RUIN US ALL!

THAT'S PLAYING RIGHT INTO BIG JACK'S HANDS. JERRY-HE'LL TAKE OVER EVERY RANCH IN THE VALLEY UNLESS WE SELL BEEF!

MUCH IT HURTS ME AS MUCH AS YOU



BUT THAT'S WHAT HE GOT TO DO! IN SHERIFF AN THAT'S MY DUTY! STARTING THIS MINUTE - NOBODY SELLS BEEF!

(SOS)

YOU'VE TURNED AS IN YOUR OWN FRIENDS, JERRY!



LAND HIGH ON THE HILL.

WAL IT SHORE DON'T TAKE NO LIP-READER. TUN KNOW WHAT HAPPENED DOWN THERE LOOKS BAD RATHER!

IT SURE DOES! BUT I SUSSE I'D DO THE SAME THING IF WERE IN HIS SHOE. LET'S MOVE DOWN INTO THE VALLEY, HULEY.



WHAT AIGHT!

I THOUGHT SO! MELODY AND HER BROTHER ARE TRYING TO BREAK QUARANTINE - THEY'RE TRYING TO SELL SOME CATTLE TO THAT BUTER!

GOLLY! RECKON WE GOTTA SORTA DO SOMETHIN' BOUT THAT!



DON'T RECKON THAT'LL BE NECESSARY. HULEY - HERE COMES REIDER!

THAT YOUNG SHERIFF SHORE DOESN'T MAKE TUN BIT AROUND TUN THUR RIGHT PLACES AT THE RIGHT TIMES!



SHOVE OFF, MISTER - THIS LITTLE AINT FOR SALE! I WANT TO DO THIS, HARRY - BUT YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR DISOBEYING MY ORDERS!

IS THAT SO? COME AN GIT ME NAPOLEON!



OKAY, HARRY - I WILL! SOMEBODY'S GOT TO KNOCK SOME SENSE INTO THAT HOT HEAD OF YOURS...



BUT I SURE DO WISH IT DIDN'T HAVE TO BE ME! BUT I DON'T SEE ANY OTHER WAY OUT OF THIS!



YOU CAN TAKE BACK YOUR ENGAGEMENT AND MISTER SHERIFF! IT'S ALL OVER BETWEEN US! I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU WERE ACTUALLY BEING PAID OFF BY BIG JACK...



YOU'RE RUINING OUR ONLY CHANCE OF SAVING OUR RANCH - BUT I'LL FIGHT YOU EVERY INCH OF THE WAY!



THEN I GUESS THAT'S THE WAY IT'LL HAVE TO BE. I'M SORRY, HENRY - BUT THE LAW IS THE LAW AND I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO. GOODBYE...



TWO TRAVELERS FAST IN GUN - JUST KILL 'EM!

THAT SHERIFF'S ARRESTED HARRY SHARP FOR BREAKING QUARANTINE! WE'LL GO GET HARRY OUT!

RIGHT! WE GOTTA PUT UP A FIGHT TO SAVE OUR RANCHES! BREAK DOWN THAT JAIL!









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